THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, October 18, 1802.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

An Excurſion to Bickleigh-an-Shaugh, in Devonſhire.

AT an early hour we departed from Plymouth, our place of reſidence, and haſtened to behold the ſcenes of nature. We were elated with the pleaſures we expected to experience, and as we anticipated thoſe the moſt pleaſing, we were eager to enjoy them. The weather was rather gloomy, and we, at firſt, entertained doubts of rain; but, in a ſhort time, the proſpect became more favourable, and we had every reaſon to expect a fine day. The vapours diſperſed, and the ſcenes were variouſly enlightened at every break of the ſun from the clouds. We ſoon reached Manadon, the ſeat of William Hall, Eſq; here the variegated verdure of the ſurrounding ſcenery, and a pleaſing ſucceſſion of objects, highly delighted us. The houſe is ſituated on a riſing ground, which is beautifully interſperſed with trees.

Nothing was now talked of but the objects around us; our minds were not engaged with any thing but the charms of nature, and here we found an inexhauſtible ſtock of amuſement. At every proſpect we had new reaſons for adoring our Sovereign Author. We paſſed through the village of Nacker's Hole, from whence the road is animated with many extenſive proſpects. On Buckland Down a ſcene preſented itſelf ſuperior to any we had yet ſeen: On each ſide lay a richly cultivated country, dreſſed with all the luxuriance of nature, and before us aroſe ſtupendous mountains of various forms, ſome piled with huge ſtones, and others finely clothed with the various tints of autumn. It is difficult to deſcribe the full magnificence of the ſcene. It ſeemed perpetually changing as we proceeded, and the moun-

tains wore new features as we beheld them from different points.

A pleaſing walk brought us to Bickleigh, a ſmall village, with a parochial church. As we proceeded towards the vale, we ſaw the majeſtic mountains of Shaugh, glittering with the moſt lively colours, and in the vale were diſplayed, at one view, all the different tints of verdure, and diverſity of foliage; the river ſtruggling with huge maſſes of rock, which ſtopped its regular courſe, and produced a grand variation of ſound.

Shaugh-bridge next attracted our attention; it is a rude edifice with two arches, which, with a cottage and two noble trees, a mountainous diſtance, and, in the fore-ground, the river daſhing its foam over immenſe rocks behind, formed a charming picture. Not finding any direct road up the mountain, we had much difficulty in reaching its ſummit, but were at once recompenſed for all our trouble. The view from hence is beautifully deſcribed by the poet, where he ſays,

"And now we gain the mountain's pendent brow,
"Oh, Heav'ns! what joys tranſporting burſt below!
"The mingling mountains, ſeeming clouds ſerene,
"Expand a rich, a viſionary ſcene;
"Hills, ſeas, and woods, profuſely crowded lie,
"All warmly, ſoftly, melting into ſky.
"The diſtant city, ſeat of grandeur, fades;
"True human greatneſs ſinking into ſhades."

The ſcene was diſplayed to the greateſt advantage, being occaſionally ſhaded by the vapours paſſing in quick ſucceſſion.

At the foot of the mountain riſes a moſt gigantic rock, above two hundred feet in height, and richly coloured with various moſſes and lichens; beneath it the river, foaming over its adamantine bed, forms the moſt pleaſing ſubjects for the pencil. We might here exclaim with the poet, and ſay,

"Stupendous feats of dreary ſolitude!
"That lift your tall cliffs to the dizzy ſky!
"And ever dare the tempeſts' rage.
"Eternal monuments! that proudly mock
"The pencil's vain attempt to picture well
"Your giant bulk, your reverential ſhapes,
"In grand confuſion venerably pil'd."

The approach of night warned us to return; and a pleaſing walk, enlivened by converſation, brought us again to our homes.

Sketch

Sketch of the Life of the late Prince Henry of Pruſſia.

PRINCE Henry of Pruſſia was brother to Frederick the Great, and great-uncle to the preſent king. He was diſtinguiſhed as a warrior in the famous ſeven years conflict of 1756, and was then generally conſidered as the Fabius of the day, in contraſt to the impetuoſity of Frederick. He was much conſulted as a ſtateſman, till the treaty of Pilnitz, in 1791, which he totally diſapproved, and of which he lived to ſee the complete and diſgraceful diſappointment. After this he appeared very little at court, poſſeſſing a mind adapted to philoſophic retirement, and viewing, with pity, the late military mania of Europe.

Prince Henry was born in the year 1726, on the 18th of January, a day which has been ſolemnized during a century, as the anniverſary of the foundation of the Pruſſian monarchy. This truly heroic prince and able officer made his firſt campaign in his ſixteenth year, accompanying the royal army into Moravia, as colonel, in the year 1742, and was ſoon after preſent at the victory of Chotuſilty. In the war concerning the Bavarian ſucceſſion, he again commanded the ſecond royal army, and penetrated from Saxony into Bohemia. In 1776, he viſited Stockholm, and thence proceeded to Peterſburg, whence he returned to Berlin, in company with the grand duke, afterwards the Emperor Paul. In 1780, he went to Spa, where he had a conference with the Emperor Joſeph, and he afterwards viſited France.

His character was not only ennobled and exalted by virtues, military talents, and a large ſhare of political penetration, but refined by miſcellaneous knowledge of every kind—by a taſte for ſcience and the fine arts—and the hero dreaded in the field, was no leſs admired in the ſociety of genius and learning, as a moſt pleaſing, poliſhed, and cheerful companion. His brilliant court was an aſſemblage of noble and ingenious perſons, both from abroad and at home. He was a great connoiſſeur in muſic, and had an admirable band of muſicians for his chapel, and entertained an excellent company of French comedians. He diſplayed much taſte and magnificence in embelliſhing his palace of Reinſberg, preſented to him by his brother, after the peace of Hubertſberg. Its romantic ſituation favoured the happieſt improvements; and the monuments he has erected in the gardens to the memory of many of his deſerving contemporaries, are the faireſt monuments of his own feeling heart. Frederick the Great ſaid of him, that he had not committed a ſingle fault through the whole ſeven years war.

This prince died Auguſt 8, 1802, at Berlin; and after being firſt openly expoſed to view in the ſimple uniform of his regiment, was laid in the ſepulchre, which he, as a hero and a ſage, long familiar with death, had cauſed to be built for himſelf two

years ago, and purpoſely in ſuch a manner, that it was in the full view of the windows of his dining-room.

Prince Henry was married to her ſerene highneſs the Princeſs Wilhelmina, daughter of Maximilian, Landgrave of Heſſe Caſſel: the marriage was conſummated at Charto Henburg, June 25, 1752. As an honour to his memory, the king gave orders, that all officers in the Pruſſian armies ſhould wear a black crape on their arm for a fortnight. The court alſo went into mourning for the ſame time.

The loſs of this truly great and magnanimous prince is regretted with a grief as univerſal as was the affable goodneſs and the benevolent humanity of the deceaſed. He was the benefactor, the father and friend of the neceſſitous and unhappy, who lifted up their eyes to him, and approached him with confidence. He gave to the poor man the neceſſaries—the firſt comforts of life; but with equal prudence and gentleneſs he allured him and his children to induſtry. He cauſed flax and wool to be diſtributed to the poor who were able to work, and they were paid for the yarn they produced. Other poor perſons, particularly children, aſſembled in a ſchool of induſtry for the purpoſe, were employed in knitting ſtockings and other articles of apparel out of the yarn, which were given to the needy, whom age or ſickneſs had diſqualified for labour. Every year two peaſant girls were portioned out with one hundred dollars, and the wedding expences were defrayed by the prince.

His funeral was ſimple, without ſhew or pomp, but all was done according to directions in his own hand-writing.*

The epitaph†, which he compoſed in January, 1801, will be carved upon a large ſtone which cloſes up the entry of the pyramidical ſepulchre.

* Vide page 197.—† Vide page 286.

On the ORIGIN *of* PUBLIC HOSPITALS.

THE origin of public hoſpitals is remarkable. Eccleſiaſtical hiſtory informs us, that this (perhaps the grandeſt and moſt ſucceſsful effort for alleviating human miſery) aroſe from no common ſpecies or degree even of Chriſtian benevolence, but from the impulſe of ſingular piety upon the ſenſibility of a female mind, ſoftened by a ſeries of domeſtic afflictions, and urged by the deſire of atoning for imaginary guilt.

In the fourth century, a Roman lady, of a noble family, by name Fabiola, by religion a Chriſtian, left by the death of her huſband in ſole poſſeſſion of an affluent fortune, was the firſt who built an infirmary for the reception of the ſick and houſeleſs, where they were ſupplied with every comfort. Jerome calls her

her the glory of the Chriſtians—the wonder of the Gentiles! The account which he gives of her is this: Divorced from her firſt huſband, who proved an abandoned libertine, during the life of the firſt, ſhe married a ſecond huſband, who was ſincerely attached to her, and whom ſhe ſurvived. Among other melancholy reflections conſequent upon his death, being led to conceive her ſecond marriage criminal, ſhe voluntarily underwent a ſolemn penance, aſſumed the plaineſt dreſs, defaced her beauty, ſubmitted to the meaneſt drudgery, ſold her eſtates (which were anſwerable to her noble birth,) and converted them into money for the relief of the poor, and was the firſt who built an infirmary, into which ſick and diſtreſſed objects of every deſcription were collected from the ſtreets.

Many who were afflicted with diſtempers the moſt loathſome and offenſive, ſhe attended in perſon, carried them in her arms, bathed their ſores, and moiſtened the lips of the dying with her own hands.—Rome was a ſcene too confined for her charity; ſhe viſited, either in perſon, or by her deputies, all the country round, and even croſſed the ſea in queſt of new objects of compaſſion.

At length ſhe took a ſudden and unexpected reſolution of viſiting Jeruſalem; on which occaſion ſhe was entertained a ſhort time by Jerome, in his retreat at Bethlehem. This led him to remark, with enthuſiaſtic admiration, the ardent energy of her mind, her unintermitted ſtudy of the ſcriptures, her unquenchable thirſt for divine knowledge; and, in conſequence of her innumerable queſtions, the good father tells us that he was not unfrequently obliged to confeſs his ignorance.

While, however, this extraordinary woman was ſeeking a ſettled place of reſidence in ſome ſolitary receſs near the ſcene of our Saviour's nativity, an alarm ſpread through all the eaſt, that the ſavage Huns, who ſpared neither age nor ſex, had burſt their ancient boundaries, and were approaching to Jeruſalem. Upon this rumour Fabiola returned to Rome; but ſtill, notwithſtanding the reluctance of her friends, longing for ſolitude, and preparing for death, and regarding her charity as incomplete while ſhe retained any thing in her own hands, ſhe had the ſatisfaction of diſtributing among the ſick, the indigent, and the monks, all that remained of her property, before ſhe died. Her funeral is ſaid by Jerome to have been attended by a more numerous concourſe, and with a zeal infinitely more fervent, than the triumphs of Scipio or Pompey.—In ſuch a character, the ſuperſtition is loſt in the benevolence.

It is pleaſing to reflect, that the memory of the firſt foundreſs of theſe admirable inſtitutions has been ſo long preſerved; and one can ſcarcely help imagining with what ſenſations this excellent woman, who is ſaid to have been eſpecially delighted in reading the Pſalms and the Goſpel, muſt have peruſed thoſe

verſes

verſes of the pſalmiſt, "Bleſſed is he that conſidereth the poor and the needy: the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble. The Lord comfort him when he lieth ſick upon his bed: make thou all his bed in his ſickneſs." Or when ſhe turned her meditations to theſe words of Chriſt—"I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirſty, and ye gave me drink; I was ſick, and ye viſited me"—amidſt the tears, and prayers, and benedictions of thoſe who had none beſides to help them.

HISTORY *of an* UNFORTUNATE FAMILY.

To the EDITOR of the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER,

SIR,

THE duty of children to their parents (though too often ſhamefully neglected) is of ſuch an important nature, that youth cannot be too often reminded of it; it is what cool reflection and deliberate reaſon ſtrongly enforce, and what the expreſs law of God enjoins.

The anxiety, care, and attention which the God of Nature has wiſely, becauſe neceſſarily, diſpoſed parents to exerciſe towards their offſpring, ſtrongly demand from children reſpect, love, and the reciprocal duty of affording all neceſſary aids and comforts in their power to their parents in their declining age; and he or ſhe who is deficient in diſcharging theſe duties cannot, in reaſon, neither is warranted by ſcripture (which among other cogent reaſons proves itſelf to be of divine origin), expect the divine bleſſing: the fifth commandment of God's law, which enforces this obligation, is the only law of the ten which has a particular promiſe annexed to it.

I was led into theſe reflections by a paſſage in the life of the late Rev. John Weſley, written by the Rev. Dr. Coke. Now as your weekly pamphlet is profeſſedly intended for the amuſement and inſtruction of your readers, particularly the younger part of them, I have ſent you an extract, as what I apprehend falls within the compaſs of your intention in the publication.

But previous to the account it will be neceſſary to obſerve, that the parſonage-houſe in which his father (the vicar of Epworth) lived, by ſome means or other was ſet on fire, when the whole family, conſiſting of Mr. and Mrs. Weſley and ſeven children, had a very narrow eſcape of their lives. Mr. Weſley being generally reſpected, ſeveral of the neighbouring gentry readily opened their houſes for their reception, 'till the parſonage-houſe ſhould be rebuilt: Mr. John Weſley (who was then only ſix years old) was received into the houſe of one Mr. Hume, a neighbouring clergyman; there he continued a year 'till his father's houſe was rebuilt. Mr. Hume had four ſons

and one daughter; three of the ſons were educated at Oxford, and entered into holy orders; the other went into the Guinea-trade, and ſettled on the coaſt of Africa. Some years after Mr. Weſley received from a friend reſiding in the neighbourhood, the following remarkable account of that family.

"About nine months ago Mr. Hume was riding out; and watering his horſe at a large pond, the unruly beaſt plunged out of his depth, by which means Mr. Hume was ſo wetted that he caught a violent cold, which was followed by a fever that cauſed his death. Lord ——, the patron of Mr. Hume's living, was determined it ſhould remain in the family as long as poſſible, and therefore gave the eldeſt ſon a preſentation of it. Mr. Hume, the father, had juſt rebuilt the parſonage-houſe before he died: the ſon took poſſeſſion before it was dry, and the dampneſs of it occaſioned his ſpeedy death. The ſecond ſon was then preſented to the living, and he died alſo a few weeks after his induction. The third ſon (his brother dying ſuddenly) ſet off from Oxford to receive the preſentation. In his way he lay at the houſe of an old acquaintance of his father. The gentleman of the houſe had a beautiful daughter, with whom young Mr. Hume immediately fell in love; he therefore, before he departed, begged permiſſion to return and make propoſals, to which the father conſented. Mr. Hume, after his induction to the living, returned according to his engagement, and in a few days the marriage was completed. But in ſix weeks after the nuptials the lady was brought to bed, and Mr. Hume ſoon after died of grief.

"The concluſion of this mournful epiſode ſhould not be omitted. Mrs. Hume, ſoon after the death of her third ſon, received a letter from the only remaining one, informing her he was juſt going to ſail from Africa to England, with a fortune ſufficient to make the whole family comfortable: and in a few days afterwards ſhe received a letter from the captain of a ſwift ſailing veſſel, who had been hailed by the ſhip in which her ſon ſailed; by whom ſhe was informed, that her ſon had died on his paſſage of a diſorder that then raged in the ſhip.

"Mrs. Hume, ſinking under the weight of ſuch a complication of misfortunes, ſoon died of a broken heart. Miſs Hume, about a month after the death of her mother, was in company with a phyſician who, looking ſteadfaſtly at her, obſerved, "Madam, you take opium: I know it by your eyes; and I am afraid you have put it out of my power to recover you." She confeſſed that the misfortunes of the family had ſo entirely deprived her of reſt that ſhe had taken laudanum to procure a little repoſe. The phyſician preſcribed. In a fortnight ſhe recovered her appetite, her colour, and in a good meaſure her health. The phyſician then adviſed her to take a table-ſpoonful of a julap, he had preſcribed for her, whenever ſhe found herſelf to be ſick.

A few

A few days after this ſhe deſired the ſervant to bring her a ſpoonful of the julap. The ſervant, miſtaking the bottle of laudanum for the julap, brought her a ſpoonful of the laudanum, which ſhe drank; and ſoon afterwards ſhe fell aſleep, and awoke no more.

"When Mr. Weſley received information of the death of the laſt of the family, he recollected a remarkable obſervation made to him by his mother many years before. He had been commending to her, in very ſtrong terms, Mr. Hume and his amiable family. "John," replied Mrs. Weſley, "depend upon it that family will come to an untimely end." Mrs. Weſley was a woman ſo far from being given to cenſure, that Mr. Weſley aſked, with ſome ſurpriſe, "Madam, why do you ſpeak ſo ſeverely of ſo lovely a family?" "John," ſays ſhe, "I will tell you why. I have obſerved in various inſtances in the courſe of my life, that where perſons have groſsly violated the fifth commandment, and have afterwards been brought to the fear of God, the Lord has reverſed the promiſe, and puniſhed them for their tranſgreſſion with temporal death. Mr. Hume and his family lie under this cenſure. I remember the time when his mother lived under his roof. He uſed her cruelly. He grudged every bit of meat ſhe put into her mouth, and the whole family partook of this ſpirit. And, depend upon it, God will remember them for this."

Your's, &c.

J. R. H.

Ilm—r, September 25, 1802.

Some Account of the celebrated Commodore Paul Jones, tranſlated from a Manuſcript written by himſelf.

(Continued from Page 291.)

I Now received orders to eſcort a fleet of tranſports and merchantmen from l'Orient, deſtined for different ports, between that and Bourdeaux; and, after that, I was to chaſe away the Engliſh cruizers from the Bay of Biſcay, and then to return for further orders.

After executing this commiſſion, on my repreſenting how neceſſary it was to make a diverſion in favour of the Count D'Orvilliers, then cruizing in the Channel, with ſixty-ſix ſhips of the line, I received a *carte blanche*, during ſix weeks, without any other reſtriction than that of repairing to the Texel, by the 1ſt of October. By this time, I received intimation from England, that eight Eaſt Indiamen were ſoon expected on the coaſt of Ireland, near to Limerick. This was an object of great attention: and as there were two privateers at Port l'Orient ready for ſea, Le Monſieur of forty guns, and Le Granville of fourteen, the cap-

tains of which offered to place themſelves under my orders, I accepted the propoſition. But the French commiſſary, who ſuperintended the naval department, acted with great impropriety on this, as well as on many former occaſions.

The little ſquadron, at length, ſet ſail from the road of Groays, on the 14th of Auguſt, 1779; but we had no ſooner proceeded to the north of the mouth of the Channel, than Le Monſieur and Le Granville abandoned me during the night, and Le Cerf ſoon after imitated their conduct. I was extremely anxious to cruize for a fortnight in the latitude of Limerick: but the captain of the Alliance, after objecting to this, alſo left me during the night; and as I had now with me only the Pallas and the Vengeance, I was obliged to renounce my original intentions.

I took two prizes on the coaſt of Ireland; and, within ſight of Scotland, came up with, and ſeized two privateers, of twenty-two guns each, which, with a brigantine, I ſent to Bergen in Norway, according to the orders I had received from Dr. Franklin: theſe prizes, however, were reſtored to the Engliſh by the King of Denmark.

When I entered the North Sea, I captured ſeveral veſſels, and learned by my priſoners, as well as by the newſpapers, that the capital of Scotland and the port of Leith were left totally defenceleſs. I alſo underſtood at the ſame time, that my information relative to the eight Indiamen was correct; they having entered Limerick three days after I had been obliged to leave the neighbourhood of that port.

As there were only a twenty-gun ſhip and two cutters in Leith Road, I deemed it practicable to lay theſe two places under contribution. I had indeed no other force to execute this project, than the Richard, the Pallas, and the Vengeance; but I well knew, that in order to perform a brilliant action, it is not always neceſſary to poſſeſs great means. I therefore held out the proſpect of great booty to the captains under my command; and, as to myſelf, I was ſatisfied with the idea of making a diverſion in favour of the Count D'Orvilliers, who was then in the Channel.

I now diſtributed red cloaths to my men, and put ſome of them on board the prizes, ſo as to give them the appearance of tranſports full of troops. All the neceſſary arrangements were alſo taken to carry the enterpriſe into execution: but, about a quarter of an hour before the deſcent was to have been made, a ſudden tempeſt aroſe, and drove me out of the Forth, or Edinburgh Frith, and ſo violent was the ſtorm that one of my prizes was loſt.

This did not, however, deter me, notwithſtanding the ſmallneſs of my forces, from forming different enterprizes of a ſimilar nature: but I could not induce the captains of the Pallas and Vengeance to ſecond my views. I was therefore obliged to

content myſelf with ſpreading alarm on the coaſt, and deſtroying the ſhipping, which I did as far as Hull.

On the morning of the 23d of September, while I was cruizing in the latitude of Flamborough Head, which I had appointed as a place of rendezvous for my little ſquadron, and where I hoped to be rejoined by the Alliance and Le Cerf, and alſo to fall in with the Baltic fleet; this convoy accordingly appeared, at a time when I had been abandoned by ſeveral of my conſorts, had loſt two boats, with their crews, who had run away on the coaſt of Ireland, and when a third, with eighteen men on board, was in chaſe of a merchantman to the windward, leaving me with a ſcanty crew, and only a ſingle lieutenant, and ſome inferior officers on board.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon that the Baltic fleet appeared in view; I then happened to have the wind aft, and was about two leagues diſtant from the coaſt of England. I learned from my priſoners, that the convoy was eſcorted by the Serapis, a new veſſel, that could mount fifty-ſix guns but then carried only forty-four, on two decks, the lower battery carrying eighteen-pounders, and the Counteſs of Scarborough, a new twenty-two gun ſhip.

We were no ſooner deſcried than the armed veſſels ſtood out to ſea, while the trade took refuge under the cannon of Scarborough Caſtle.

As there was but little wind, I could not come up with the enemy before night. The moon did not riſe until eight, and at the cloſe of day the Serapis and Counteſs of Scarborough tacked and ſtood in for the fortreſs. I was lucky enough to diſcover this manœuvre by means of my night-glaſs, without which I ſhould have remained in ignorance of it. On this I immediately altered my courſe ſix points, with a view of cutting off the enemy; which was no ſooner perceived by the Pallas, than it was ſuppoſed my crew had mutinied, which induced her captain to hawl his wind, and ſtand out to ſea while the Alliance lay to, to windward, at a conſiderable diſtance; and, as the captain of this veſſel had never paid any attention whatever to the ſignals of the Richard ſince her leaving France, I was obliged to run all riſks, and enter into action with the Richard only, to prevent the enemy's eſcape.

I accordingly began the engagement at ſeven o'clock at night, within piſtol-ſhot of the Serapis, and ſuſtained the brunt of it for nearly a whole hour at that diſtance, expoſed, not only to her fire, but alſo to that of the Counteſs of Scarborough, which raked the Richard, by means of the broadſides ſhe fired into her ſtern.

It ought to be here remarked, that the Richard, properly ſpeaking, was only a thirty-four-gun frigate, carrying only twelve-pounders: but ſix eighteen-pounders had been placed in the

the gun-room, in caſe of being obliged to recur to a cannonade in an enemy's harbour. The ſea being very calm during the engagement, I hoped to be able to derive great advantage from this circumſtance; but, inſtead of this, they burſt at the commencement of the action, and the officers and men poſted at this ſervice, and who were ſelected as the beſt of the whole crew, were either killed, wounded, or affrighted to ſuch a degree, that none of them were of any ſervice during the reſt of the engagement.

In this unfortunate extremity, having to contend with three times my own ſtrength, the Richard being in imminent danger of going to the bottom, and her guns being no longer in a condition to return the enemy's fire, I had recourſe to a dangerous expedient, to grapple with the Serapis, in order, on the one hand, to render her ſuperiority uſeleſs, and on the other, to cover ourſelves from the fire of her conſort. This manœuvre ſucceeded moſt admirably, and I faſtened the Serapis, with my own hands, to the Richard. On this, the captain of the Counteſs of Scarborough, who was a natural ſon of the Duke of Northumberland, conducted himſelf like a man of ſenſe, and from that moment ceaſed to fire upon us, well knowing that he muſt at the ſame time damage the Serapis.

That veſſel being to windward at the moment we had grappled, inſtantly dropped her anchor, hoping by this to diſengage herſelf from us; but this did not anſwer her expectations, and the engagement, from that moment, conſiſted of the diſcharge of great guns, ſwivels, muſquetry, and grenades. The Engliſh, at firſt, teſtified a deſire to board the Richard, but they no ſooner ſaw the danger than they deſiſted. The enemy, however, poſſeſſed the advantage of their two batteries, beſides the guns on their forecaſtle and quarter-deck, while our cannon were either burſt or abandoned, excepting four pieces on the forecaſtle, which were alſo relinquiſhed during ſome minutes. Mr. Meaſe, the officer who commanded theſe guns, had been dangerouſly wounded on the head, and having, at that period, no greater object to occupy my attention, I myſelf took his poſt. A few ſailors came to my aſſiſtance of their own accord, and ſerved the two guns next to the enemy with ſurpriſing courage and addreſs. A ſhort time after this, I received ſufficient aſſiſtance to be able to remove one of the forecaſtle guns from the oppoſite ſide; but we had not ſtrength ſufficient to remove the other, ſo that we could only bring three to bear upon the enemy during the remainder of the action.

The moon, which, as I have already obſerved, roſe at eight, beheld the two veſſels ſurrounded by flame, in conſequence of the exploſion of the cannon. It ſo happened at this period, that the main-maſt of the Serapis, which was painted yellow, appeared extremely diſtinct, ſo as to form an excellent mark; on

this, I pointed one of my guns at it, taking care to ram home the ſhot. In the mean time, the two other pieces were admirably ſerved againſt the ——— and ſwept its forecaſtle, by means of an oblique fire. The tops alſo ſeconded us bravely, by means of muſquetry and ſwivels, and alſo threw a multitude of grenades ſo as greatly to annoy the enemy. By theſe means they were driven from their quarters, notwithſtanding their ſuperiority in point of men and artillery.

The captain of the Serapis, after conſulting with his officers, reſolved to ſtrike; but an unlucky accident which occurred on board the Richard, prevented this: a bullet having deſtroyed one of the pumps, the carpenter was ſeized with a panic, and told the gunner, and another petty officer, that we were ſinking. Some one obſerved at the ſame time, that both I and the lieutenant were killed; in conſequence of which the gunner, conſidering himſelf as commanding officer, ran inſtantly to the quarter-deck, in order to hawl down the American colours, which he would have actually hawled down, had not the flag-ſtaff been carried away at the time the Richard grappled with the Serapis.

The captain, on hearing the gunner expreſs his wiſhes to ſurrender, in conſequence of his ſuppoſing that we were ſinking, inſtantly addreſſed himſelf to me, and exclaimed, "Do you aſk for quarter?—Do you aſk for quarter?" I was ſo occupied, at this period, in ſerving the three pieces of cannon on the forecaſtle, that I remained totally ignorant of what had occurred on deck; I replied, however, "I do not dream of ſurrendering, but I am determined to make you ſtrike!"

The Engliſh commander, however, conceived ſome faint hopes, in conſequence of what had been ſaid, that the Richard was actually ſinking; but when he perceived that her fire did not diminiſh, he immediately ordered his men from the forcaſtle, where they were too much expoſed, and ſtationed them below, where they kept up ſuch a tremendous diſcharge againſt the Serapis, that it at once indicated vengeance and deſpair.

It has already been obſerved, that when I commenced the action, the Pallas was at a great diſtance to windward, while the Alliance lay to in the ſame poſition. When the captain of the former perceived that the engagement took place, he ſpoke to his conſort; but they loſt a great deal of time, and it was not until now, that they came within gun ſhot of the Counteſs of Scarborough, and a kind of running fight took place between the latter and the Pallas. The Alliance followed them, and, on paſſing us, fired a broadſide, which, as we were cloſely engaged with the enemy, did more harm to them than to us.

The battle ſtill continued with uncommon ardour between us and the enemy, whoſe ——— or burned, and her mainmaſt cut away, by degrees, by our bullets; while the heavier metal

of

of the Serapis drove in one of the ſides of my ſhip, and met with little or no reſiſtance. In ſhort, our helm was rendered uſeleſs, and the poop was only ſupported by an old and ſhattered piece of timber, which alone prevented it from giving way.

At length, after a ſhort engagement, the Counteſs of Scarborough ſurrendered to the Pallas; it was then that the captain of the latter aſked the commander of the Alliance, "whether he would take charge of the prize, or ſail and give ſuccour to the commodore?" On this, the Alliance began to ſtand backwards and forwards under her topſails, until, having got to the windward, ſhe came down, and diſcharged a ſecond broadſide againſt the forepart of the Serapis, and the hindpart of the Richard. On this I and ſeveral other perſons begged for God's ſake, that they would ceaſe firing, and ſend a few men on board of us: but he diſobeyed, and fired another broadſide as he paſſed along; after which he kept at a moſt reſpectful diſtance, and took great care not to expoſe himſelf during the remainder of the action, without receiving a ſingle ſhot, or having a man wounded during the whole engagement.

The idea that we were ſinking had taken ſuch poſſeſſion of the armourer's mind, that he actually opened the ſcuttles, and made all the priſoners, to the number of a hundred, ſally forth, in oppoſition to my reiterated orders. This event might have proved fatal, had I not taken advantage of their affright to ſtation them at the pumps, where they diſplayed ſurpriſing zeal, appearing actually to forget their captivity; for there was nothing to prevent their going on board the Serapis; or it was in their power to put an end to the engagement in an inſtant, by either killing me or throwing me into the ſea.

As our three quarter-deck guns continued to play, without interruption on the enemy, raked her hinder-parts, and damaged her maſt in ſuch a manner, that it was only ſupported from falling by the yards of our ſhip, while the tops poured in a continual diſcharge; the fire of the Engliſh began to deaden in ſuch a manner as to bereave them of all hope of ſucceſs.

A circumſtance, however, occurred, that contributed not a little to the victory of the Richard: this was the extraordinary intrepidity and preſence of mind of a Scotch ſailor, poſted in the main-top: this brave fellow, of his own accord, ſeized a lighted match, and a baſket of hand-grenades, with which he advanced along the main-yard, until he had arrived exactly above the enemy's deck. As the flames of their parapets and ſhrouds, added to the light of the moon, enabled him to diſtinguiſh objects; the moment he perceived two or three perſons aſſembled together, he inſtantly diſcharged a hand-grenade among them; he had even addreſs enough to drop ſeveral through their ſcuttles, and one of them ſet fire to the cartridge of an eighteen

teen pounder belonging to the lower deck, the diſcharge of which ſcorched ſeveral of the crew.

On this, the Captain of the Serapis came upon the quarter-deck, lowered his flag, and aſked for quarter, at the very moment his main-maſt had fallen into the ſea. He then came on board with his officers, and preſented me with his ſword. While this was tranſacting, eight or ten men belonging to the Richard ſeized on the Serapis's ſhallop, which had been at anchor during the engagement, and made off.

It was more than eleven o'clock when the battle ended; it had conſequently laſted more than four hours. My ſhip had no more than 322 men, good, bad, and indifferent, on board at the commencement of the engagement; and the ſixty of theſe, poſted in the gun-room when the gun burſt, having been of no further ſervice during the action, could not be properly conſidered as forming part of the crew oppoſed to the Serapis, which had received a ſupply of Engliſh ſailors while in Denmark; and it appeared indeed by the muſter-roll, that there were upwards of 400 on board of her, when the firſt gun was fired. Her ſuperiority was ſtill more conſiderable in reſpect to guns, without mentioning her greater weight of metal, which ſurpaſſed our's beyond all compariſon. Thus, ſetting aſide the damage done by the Counteſs of Scarborough, during the fore-part of the action, and alſo by the three broadſides from the Alliance, it will be eaſy to form a due judgment of the combat between the Richard and the Serapis, and ſet a proper value on a victory obtained over a force ſo greatly ſuperior, after ſuch a long, bloody, and cloſe engagement.

The Vengeance, a corvette, mounting twelve three-pounders, and the boat belonging to the pilot, with my ſecond lieutenant, another officer, and ten men, would have been of ſingular ſervice, either in purſuing and capturing the convoy or by reinforcing me: but, ſtrange as it may appear, the fact is, that they remained all this time mere ſpectators of the action, in which they took no intereſt, keeping themſelves to windward, and out of all danger; while, on the other hand, the conduct of the Alliance had, at leaſt, the appearance of proceeding from a principle worſe than ignorance or inſubordination.

It muſt appear clear, from what has been already ſaid, that if the enemy's ports were not annoyed, the Baltic fleet taken, and the eight Indiamen ſeized, the blame did not lie with me.

It is but juſtice however, to obſerve that ſome of my officers conducted themſelves admirably during the action. The lieutenant, Mr. Dale, being left alone at the guns below, and finding he could not rally his men, came upon the deck, and ſuperintended the working of the pumps, notwithſtanding he had been wounded. Notwithſtanding all his efforts, the hold was more than half full of water when the enemy ſurrendered.

During the laſt three hours of the action both the veſſels were on fire: by throwing water on the flames it was ſometimes ſuppoſed that they were quenched, but they always broke forth anew, and, on the cloſe of the action, we imagined it wholly extinguiſhed. It was very calm during the remainder of the night; but, when the wind began to blow, our danger became imminent, the fire having penetrated the timbers, and ſpread until it had reached within a few inches of the powder-magazine. On this, the ammunition was brought on the deck, to be thrown into the ſea, in caſe of extremity; but we, at length, ſucceeded in our endeavours by cutting away a few planks, and employing our buckets.

Next morning the weather was hazy, and not a ſingle ſail was to be ſeen. We then examined the Richard, to ſee if it were poſſible to carry her into any port. This proving wholly impracticable, all the boats were employed in carrying the wounded on board the other veſſels. This occupied much of of our time, and on the ſucceeding day, notwithſtanding all our pumps had been at work, the hold was entirely full of water, and the veſſel ſoon after ſunk. On this occaſion I could only ſave the ſignal-flags, and I loſt all my property, amounting to more than 25,000 livres.

On this, I inſtantly aſſumed the command of the Serapis, on which we erected jury-maſts; but the ſea was ſo tempeſtuous that it was ten days before we reached the Texel.

(To be concluded.)

Compariſon between Mandeville and Rouſſeau.

ON the ſubject of education, Mandeville and Rouſſeau are oppoſite theoriſts, diametrically oppoſite indeed in their premiſes, but conſpiring in their concluſions to the ſame deſtructive ends; the one, with a ſtrange and affected exceſs of romantic refinement, propoſing to deprive our helpleſs infancy of all correction and culture; the other urging with deſperate audacity the natural and inborn wickedneſs of man as a reaſon for with-holding inſtruction, as putting weapons into the hands of miſchief. The one would poſtpone all cultivation as uſeleſs, when we are moſt open to impreſſions and moſt undetermined in our courſe; and becauſe our diſpoſitions are naturally corrupt, the other would leave them to themſelves at the time when they are moſt eaſily controuled and conquered.

The injuries reſulting to education and humanity from ſuch corrupt ſyſtems cannot be compenſated by any excellence or ingenuity diſplayed in particular parts of them. The writings of Mandeville are but little read, or read with contempt and diſguſt. Rouſſeau has numerous votaries; and it is to be feared

that

that few of thoſe who profeſs to reſpect his ſyſtem only in part, are in reality poſſeſſed of judgments ſevere enough to reject thoſe ſeducing theories which give to his writings an irreſiſtible power over the imagination.

On SERIOUSNESS *and* GAIETY.

A Compariſon has ſometimes been inſtituted between ſeriouſneſs and gaiety, and an inquiry ſtarted as to which of the two is moſt excellent. Gaiety has undoubtedly a thouſand recommendations; it is not ſo properly the means of happineſs, as one of the different ſpecies of which happineſs conſiſts. No one would gain attention from a reaſonable man, who ſhould offer to advance a word againſt it. But gaiety muſt probably in the compariſon yield to ſeriouſneſs. The world in which we are engaged is, after all, a ſerious ſcene. No man can expect long to retain the means of happineſs if he be not ſometimes ſeriouſly employed in contemplating and combining them. The man of mere gaiety paſſes away life like a dream, has nothing to recollect, and leaves behind no traces that he was. His ſtate is rather a ſtate of vegetation, each day like the day before, than a ſtate worthy of a rational being. All that is grand and ſublime, in conception or compoſition, in eloquence or in poetry, is ſerious. Nay, gaiety itſelf, if it be ſuch as a delicate taſte would approve, muſt have been indebted for its rearing and growth to ſeriouſneſs. All that is ſublime in character, all that is generouſly virtuous, all that extorts our admiration, and makes conqueſt of our moſt ardent affections, muſt have been accompanied both in its riſe and progreſs by ſeriouſneſs. A character may be valuable, a man may be contented and happy, without gaiety; but no being can be worthy the name of a man, if ſeriouſneſs be not an ingredient in his diſpoſition.

THOUGHTS *on* FAME.

AS an impetuous and overbearing deſire of fame can hardly ever be ſatisfied, but uſually increaſes in proportion to its gratification, it imparts an aſtoniſhing energy to the mind, and awakens all its powers to unwearied activity. It was this love of fame which, in Milton, overcame obſtacles that were almoſt inſurmountable, and communicated to his genius a vigour more than mortal.—It is this paſſion for fame, that often renders the active principle capable of incredible exertions. Thus the truly ambitious man,—he who feels in his boſom the ever burning flame of that devouring paſſion, is commonly, in thoſe purſuits in which his ambition centers, the moſt vigilant and indefatigable of men.

Remarkable Reſemblance of a Paſſage in Menander to the ſcriptural Commandments.

THE reſemblance which a paſſage of Menander in Hirelius bears to the ſcriptural commandments is remarkable, and is certainly not to be aſcribed to imitation, but to the breadth, compaſs, and univerſality of the thoughts, as well as the home appeal they make to the moral ſenſe and our general nature.—"If any one, O Pamphilus, think that by merely offering a ſacrifice, he can arrive at the favour of God, he has an unworthy opinion of the Deity, and will find himſelf miſtaken. He muſt become a man of virtue, beneficial to ſociety; he muſt not commit adultery, nor ſteal, nor murder; and the wife, houſe, horſe, youths, and maids of another, he muſt not covet. Sacrifice therefore to God with juſtice and benevolence; let your purity be in your hearts, rather than in your garments."

A HINT.

IT is of conſequence that the clergy ſhould appear reſpectable in the eyes of the people, for the efficacy of their inſtruction depends on the confidence which is given to their character and knowledge: if they are haughty, avaricious, contentious, ambitious, profligate, or profane, how can the people believe them to be ſincere, and if they doubt their ſincerity, what muſt they think of the religion they preach? The whole influence and, in the end, the exiſtence of an eſtabliſhed religion, depends on the morals of its clergy—if they are corrupt, the foundation of the building is ſapped; it cannot long ſtand in ſecurity—it may be propped up by the buttreſs of the ſtate, but when that is withdrawn, it will fall to the ground.—Conciliating manners, and a ſincere and uniform deſire to contribute to both the ſpiritual and temporal comfort of thoſe to whom they miniſter, will eminently tend to render their miniſtrations uſeful.

A QUESTION, *by Adam Kilburn, Teacher of Mathematics Trapley Croſs.*

THERE is a ſpot of land in my neighbourhood in the form of a plane triangle, whoſe three ſides are 140, 130, and 150 yards reſpectively. Now within this triangle it is intended to incloſe another ſpot in form of a long ſquare, whoſe length ſhall be double to that of its breadth. It is, therefore, propoſed to find the dimenſions of the long ſquare by an algebraic operation.

POETRY.

ELEGY, *occaſioned by the Death of my ſweet* WILLIAM, *who began to droop Auguſt* 26, 1769, *languiſhed till the* 31*ſt, and then died, aged ten Years and ſix Months.*

Written by the Father, M. MADAN.

" And the King was much moved, and went up to the Chamber over the Gate, " and wept: and as he went, thus he ſaid, " O my Son Abſalom, my Son, " my Son Abſalom: would God I had died for thee, O Abſalom, my Son, " my Son."—2 Sam. 18. 33.

SHALL I, like Iſr'el's king to ſorrow fly,
Whilſt " Abſalom, my ſon, my ſon," I cry?
Could he lament the youthful rebel's fate,
Weep o'er the traitor, nor the murd'rer hate?
By his own fault the wilful youth had died,
Aiming his ſword at his own father's ſide.
But's all's forgot—each blackeſt crime's remov'd,
David has nought to tell but how he lov'd.
What meaſure then can grief like mine e'er know,
Or what forbid ſuch tears as mine to flow?
No ſuch alloy the precious gold debas'd;
No acts like theſe my lovely child diſgrac'd;
He ſtood confeſs'd his parent's joy and pride,
Nor ever caus'd them grief but when he dy'd.

Say, thou dear mother! of our lovely boy,
Who ſhar'ſt my grief, and doubleſt all my joy,
Say can we bear unmov'd this heavy croſs,
Or live inſenſible of ſuch a loſs?
The awful blow is ſtruck, the arrow's flown,
And our ſweet William is for ever gone.
Thy kindred heart a grief like mine muſt prove,
And join in ſorrow, as it join'd in love.

Ye ſons of apathy's deteſted flock,
Whoſe heart can rival the obdurate rock,
'Tis your's againſt ſuch woe your breaſt to ſteel,
And blame the tenderneſs ye cannot feel.
Ev'n the poor bird bewails her riſl'd neſt,
And feels the ſorrows of a parent's breaſt;
With plaintive notes, on ſome ſequeſter'd ſpray
She ſits, and ſings the mournful hours away.

His lovely form a lovelier ſoul contain'd,
Where every ſweeteſt temper mildly reign'd;
There brilliant wit, there keen diſcernment ſhone,
And native humour mark'd him for her own;
O'er his ſtrong ſenſe, quick parts, and manly taſte,
Self-diffidence her ſober mantle caſt,
And modeſty his gentle manners grac'd.

O! can I e'er forget how oft I've hung
On the dear pleaſure of his tuneful tongue!
How oft I've ſat, with fond attention fix'd,
When with his lyre his lips ſoft accents mix'd!
Genius and taſte their native helps beſtow'd,
Whilſt from his hand the ſprightly meaſures flow'd;

Untaught

Untaught by art, by no dull rules confin'd,
His muſic was the emblem of his mind,
Chearful and ſweet, yet ſolid and refin'd.
Sometimes the ſelf-taught artiſt would deſign—
Whate'er he pleas'd his ready pencil drew,
And his gay fancy ſtarted into view.
Sometimes o'er nature's work he'd cloſely pry,
Nor let the ſmalleſt inſect 'ſcape his eye;
Like a fix'd centinel, himſelf he'd plant
To watch the labours of the induſtrious ant;
Trees, fruits, and flowers, by turns employ'd his thought,
And deep reflection its improvement brought.
Not vainly curious, like the lab'ring bee
Honey he ſuck'd from every flower and tree;
That choiceſt honey, wiſdom's ſacred lore,
Which taught him to reflect, admire, adore.
Ah once lov'd ſhade! ah once delightful grove!
Ye ſoft retreats, where William us'd to rove;
How ye remind me of thoſe fleeting hours,
Which, with my child, I've paſs'd amidſt your bow'rs.
Your ſweetneſs, beauty, fragrance, all unite,
To bring my friend, my child, before my ſight.
Your ev'ry plant and ſhrub do ſtill the ſame,
And on your gayeſt flower I read his name.
In his heart's deep receſs ſelf-knowledge grew,
Which led him, as he ought, himſelf to view;
Taught by the ſacred book's unerring line,
That book, whoſe every page, he held divine.
Wiſe, far beyond his years, he knew, he felt,
And mourn'd the burden of his nature's guilt;
Oft of the foul contagion he'd complain,
And dread the poiſon, as he fear'd its bane;
Oft have I known him, in his ſerious hours,
When his young heart collected all its pow'rs,
His wants, his woes, his fears, his hopes declare,
In all the warmth and eloquence of pray'r.

Bleſſed, for ever bleſſed be his name,
Who for his own my infant deign'd to claim;
Who ſpread his everlaſting arms beneath,
And kept and ſaved him from the ſhafts of death,
That dreadful death, whoſe wound no cure can have,
That ſecond death, that Hell beyond the grave;
Gave him in Chriſt eternal life to prove,
And ſhare the bounties of a Saviour's love.
Not long before my lovely infant died,
With ſad complaint, thus to a friend he cry'd:
" How this world charms this treach'rous heart can tell;
" I fear I love its vain delights too well.
" O! if I'm his—if mark'd on life's record,
" I'd rather die than e'er forget my Lord."
Such were his thoughts; ſoon was he call'd away
To the bright regions of eternal day;
For ever ſav'd from all his heart could fear,
From ſin, and ſorrow, ſickneſs, pain, and care.

Ah me! ſhall I lament my happy ſon?
Lament that Heaven's righteous will is done?
Shall I at wiſdom, mercy, truth, repine?
Or murmur at the love that's all divine?
Ah ceaſe vain wretch! did not omniſcience know
When to with-hold, and when to ſtrike the blow?
If from thine arms, thy heart, thy child is torn,
Think to whoſe arms the happy ſpirit's borne.

View

View him with that diſtinguiſh'd radiant throng—
He ſhares their tranſports, as he joins their ſong;
No dimming veil can cloud th' enraptur'd ſight;
No fear diminiſh the ſupreme delight.
Such is the will of Heaven; in ſuch a choice,
I muſt, I will, I can, I do rejoice.
Theſe are the reaſonings of my better mind;
Theſe the concluſions of my faith I find.
But thro' the weakneſs of this mortal fleſh
My wounds will often ſmart, and bleed afreſh;
Conflicting paſſions in my boſom lurk,
And nature's ſtrongeſt ſprings are ſet at work.
To my mind's eye my abſent child appears,
And his dear voice ſalutes my fancy's ears,
Then pungent ſorrow will my heart engroſs,
I then forget his gain, and mourn my loſs.
Thro' lonely paths of diſcontent I ſtray,
While grief aſſumes his form, and marks the way.

Yet ev'n in this I ſee the hand of God,
And thankful bow beneath the chaſt'ning rod;
By this I'm taught how prone my nature is
To ſeek its happineſs in worldly bliſs;
By this I learn to raiſe my thoughts above,
And ſeek my reſt in God's eternal love.
In each return of grief, in every pain,
I read the uſeful leſſon o'er again.
The friendly pilot thus would ſteer my way
Thro' this world's night to Heaven's eternal day;
From creature confidence my heart would ſave,
Nor let my veſſel anchor on a wave.

O thou! who could'ſt conſtrain a father's heart,
With his dear Iſaac at thy word to part,
Thy years are ſtill the ſame, thy truth, thy pow'r,
Can ſtill ſupport me in each trying hour;
Thy ſtrength, thine help, thy glorious power diſplay,
And in my heart exert thy ſpirit's ſway.
Then ſhall I praiſe my God with every breath,
And Abram's trial bear—with Abram's faith.
His ſteps purſue to fairer worlds on high,
Where joy can never fade, and love can never die.

EPITAPH *to the Memory of the ſaid* WILLIAM MADAN.

FALL'N by death's fatal ſickle, here lies low
A flower than which a ſweeter did not blow;
This mournful tomb conceals the earthly clod,
The ſpirit blooms in th' paradiſe of God.
Boaſt, cruel death! but know ſhort is thy reign,
Thou in thy turn ſhall fall, he riſe again.

The WORLD.—*An* EPIGRAM.

THIS mighty volume which the world we call,
Should we with care but once peruſe it all,
And read his art who firſt could give it frame,
And with his power the wildeſt powers tame,
His providence in every page would ſhine,
And his paternal love in every line;
But we, like fools, are pleas'd with outſide gold,
On the great writer's ſenſe ne'er taking hold;
Or if aught ſhould by chance our mind engage,
'Tis ſome vain picture, or an uſeleſs page.